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## CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.



The inscription is in raised letters, on a laminous kind of black limestone, in the churchyard of Kilmore, Co. Roscommon. It is three feet seven inches long, one foot one inch broad, and six inches thick.

## THE ANNUALS.

## "THE FORGET ME NOT."

There are several fine engravings in this volume—"The Actress at the Duke's"—"The Young Enchanter"—and "The Dance of the Peasants," please us more than any of the others—there is indeed much truth and feeling in the conception of "the Dying Sister"—as well as in "King Alfred's Return." The volume also contains some good poetry, several pieces by eminent authors; and from the prose department we select "Glengorroch," as most in keeping with the stories in our own Journal.

## GLENGORROCH.

By Alexander A. Carr, Esq.

The clan of Glengorroch had long been staunch adherents of the ill-starred house of Stuart, and in 1715 their chieftain had fallen a victim to his Jacobitism, when an ineffectual struggle was made by a descendant of that family to regain the sovereignty of Britain. After his decease, the chieftainship devolved on his only son, Evan, then about thirty years of age, but who from prudential motives had been left at home by his father, on the outbreaking of the insurrection, though he yielded not even to him in his attachment to the survivors of that race, or in the ardour of his Jacobitical principles. With his years his zeal for the cause in which his father had suffered seems to have proportionably increased, since, after the death of his lady, who left him one beautiful daughter, we find him manifesting so intense an interest in its behalf as to be paying frequent visits to the exiled monarch at his mock court at St. Germain's. Perhaps the severity of the government, by which the extensive possessions of his ancestors had been reduced within the narrow compass of a few acres of waste and barren land, contributed not a little to keep alive this devotion to the cause of the

Stuarts, by exciting in him a corresponding hatred and spirit of revenge against the reigning family of Brunswick. Be this as it may, we are certain that, when Prince Charles Edward, thirty years subsequently to the unsuccessful attempt made by his father, landed in the north to commence a new struggle for the dethronement of King George, he found no one more ready to aid him in his enterprise than the poor but proud-spirited chieftain of Glengorroch.

It was on a fine still evening, in the autumn of 1745, that the clansmen of Glengorroch, with their aged chieftain at their head, marched from the Highland glen of that name, to share the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward, who had reared his standard on the heath of Glenfinnan. Their wives and children were collected in groups on the side of the Gorroch Mountain, in order to enjoy as long a view as possible of the "tartaned warriors." The anxious though somewhat proud interest with which they gazed on their departing kinsmen deepened in proportion as the distance between them was magnified; and when, at length, an abrupt winding of the glen carried them one by one from their sight, a simultaneous shriek, or rather yell, burst from the female multitude. Then, having gazed for some time on the particular object of their love or affection, they hastily pressed their weeping children to their bosoms, and slowly began to move down the declivity of the mountain to their hamlet in the vale below, to muse in silence on the strange enterprise that was taking their relatives "awa frae the land o' the mountain and heather;" while Lady Helen, the daughter of their chieftain, returned in sorrow to the old castle or tower of Glengorroch, which reared its high and somewhat dilapidated turrets on the summit of a precipitous cliff, that projected from the northern side of the mountain.

With the proceedings of Prince Charles, after his being joined by the Glengorroch and other disaffected clans, our readers are too well acquainted to require any further information from us. They will recollect that, on the evening prior to the battle of Preston, the royal army under the command of Sir John Cope lay encamped on that wide and then barren plain which extends between the village of Tranent and the sea; whereas the insurgent forces occupied the gentle slope of a hill a little northward of that village—an extensive and intricate morass, which has now disappeared under the improvements of modern agriculture, stretching between them. Thus were the rival armies situated on the wet and foggy night of the 20th of September, 1745, awaiting the approach of the dawn to commence the onset. The hardy mountaineer, accustomed to deeds of slaughter and bloodshed, lay wrapt in his tartan plaid on the bare ground in profound repose; while many a less courageous Lowlander, who had either joined in the enterprise, in a fit of enthusiasm, or, from a spirit of retaliation, engendered by wrongs received from those in authority, heard the cry of the sentinels as they changed guard, and viewed the watchfires blazing on the plain, with feelings of a far from pleasing kind.

On that night, as the chieftain of Glengorroch sat in his tent, after his brother officers had retired to their slumbers, meditating on the probable issue of the morrow's engagement, there entered the form of an aged Highlander, accoutred in a full suit of armour; but his body was bowed down with the load of years, and the sword, which hung unsheathed by his side, was reddened with gore, that flowed in a dark purple stream from his many wounds. His face was unearthly pale, the features being contracted into a convulsive grin, rather, however, betokening a feeling of acute pain than displeasure. The spectre (for such it was), glided toward the spot where the chieftain was sitting, and then fixing his lusterless eyes upon him, pronounced in a solemn, sepulchral tone—"Glengorroch, prepare; for thy hour is coming! Ere the morrow's sun hath set, the last chieftain of Glengorroch shall be no more!"—and, as the voice died away, the figure became gradually more and more indistinct, till it almost disappeared. At first, the chieftain had tried to speak, and ask the officer, whom he then conceived the apparition to be, the cause of so unexpected a visit; when suddenly the idea of his being in the presence of Dhorach nan Dhu, the mysterious being who

was supposed to preside over the destinies of his race, flashed upon his mind, and rendered every effort for some time abortive; though his mind remained little more affected than might be attributed to surprise at so strange a sight. During the vision, he sat boldly gazing on the spectre, and, instead of appearing alarmed or daunted at the appalling annunciation, a smile of sadness played upon his aged features; and, on regaining his speech, just as the apparition was gliding out of sight, he calmly exclaimed—"Spectre! Phantom! or whoever thou art, who hast thus kindly come to warn me of my approaching doom, depart not, I pray thee, till thou hast likewise foretold to me what shall be the destiny of the heiress of our house, that, when the fatal blow shall fall upon his head, Glengoroch may die in peace!"

While he spoke, the spectre entirely vanished; but at the farther end of the apartment the figure of a lady in tears, and in deep mourning, was seen approaching a gloomy convent, at the portal of which stood a train of nuns, attired in the unostentatious garb of the sisterhood. As the lady entered the convent, the tent resounded with the solemn tones of the organ, which ceased when the noise and the nuns disappeared, and the gates were closed. Glengoroch sat for some time, with his eyes riveted to the spot where the vision had melted away, engaged in deep thought. At length he gave utterance to the painful emotions which overcame him at the latter apparition:—"And is it even so? Are thus all my high fancies to be blasted for ever? And is it to fare thus hard with the last remnant of Glengoroch! Alas! my poor child—how are all thy father's proud hopes and wishes for thy happiness in a moment departed, and the heart which could have smiled on its own misfortunes made to weep tears of blood for thine!"

During the remainder of the night he continued to pace backward and forward, his mind engrossed by the most melancholy reflections. The dawn at last began to break; and his musings were interrupted by his old and faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, a Lowlander by birth, but whose long servitude had caused him to be considered by his master rather in the light of a confidant than an ordinary serving-man. He entered the tent with a smile on his countenance, which was speedily dispelled, as he observed that of his master's overcast with a look of unusual sadness. Without paying much attention to the old man, who had now intruded himself into his presence, Glengoroch continued his perambulations, engaged in the same gloomy reverie as previously to Dugald's appearance. By this time daylight had advanced so far as to render the torch, which continued to blaze upon the heathy floor of the apartment, altogether superfluous. This quickly attracted Dugald's notice, who remarked, as he extinguished the blazing faggot, that it was "neither mair nor less than sinnin' ains mercies to use baith day an' torch light at the same time;" and this he did in a louder tone than usual, chiefly with a view of arousing his master from his reveries, that he might ascertain what had given rise to the painful reflections, which, from long experience of his habits, he readily saw were passing in the chieftain's mind. The latter, at the loud exclamation of Dugald, turned hastily round, and speedily assuming his wonted smile, said to the venerable valet—"So Dugald, you are early a-foot—you for one seem determined not to be backward in the fight. How goes the time Dugald? is the prince a-start yet? and how are our English friends looking this morning?"

"Please your honour," replied Dugald, bowing respectfully, "the sun is just beginning to keek out frae the clouds owre Berwick law; an' as for the prince, he's been runnin' frae ae tent to anither this half hour, an' I doubt na will be wi' your grace i' the crack o' a nut-shell; an' when I cam' ben the Southrons were puttin' out their fires, and seemed to be in an unco flurry. But i' the name o' our muckle saint, what's makin' you look so pale an' fearsome?—I declare your cheeks are as white as a snaw-ba', or a sliced turnip. It canna be that your honour's fear'd for the day's wark; but aiblins you may find yoursel' owre weak to fight at your time o' life, an' nae wonder?"

"Fear bath ever been a stranger to the heart of our

race, Dugald," rejoined the chieftain, reassuming the thoughtful look which had been dispelled by the appearance of his attendant, "and at no period during my long life did I feel myself more able or willing to wield my sword manfully than to-day. But if my face be, as you say, paler than usual, it is owing neither to fear nor weakness:—other and weightier causes are required to drive the colour from my cheeks, and alas! there have been sent enough to curdle every drop of blood in my veins. But thou knowest them not, Dugald, and it is better thou shouldst not, for thy old eyes will may-hap have closed in death ere the last event come to pass."

"Oh, my puir maister," said the old man, with a look of the most serious alarm, "am I to believe my ears, or has your honour been dreamin'? My dear maister, if you care ae strae for your puir servant, tell him what it is that's makin' you speak i' that fashion. Before I left you last night, you were in the greatest spirits, an' now you're lookin' as white as a corp, an' talkin' i' that fearsome manner, just when you're on the point o' bein' restored to a' your ancient honours and dignities. O! my dear maister, tell me gin ony danger's like to happen to thee or thine, an' auld Dugald Glen 'ill no grudge the best drop o' bluid in his body to keep you frae scaith"—and here the tears rolled down the old man's face as he fell to the ground and grasped his master's knees.

"Poor old man!" said the chieftain, a tear at the same time glistening in his eye, "last night I thought, as thou dost even now, that honour and power were about once more to smile upon our ill-starred house; but the fates have otherwise determined. However, my kind old man, enough hath been left from the wreck, to enable thee to spend the remainder of thy days in peace and comfort. "Take this, Dugald," holding out to the old man his purse, at which, however, he gazed without offering to accept it; "this is all I shall be able to leave thee for thy long and faithful services, but I will speak to the prince in thy behalf, and he, I doubt not, will not see our old servant want. One thing," added Glengoroch, hurriedly, "one thing let me beseech you to do in the event of evil betiding thy master; give this ring to Helen, as a memorial from her father."

"My honoured maister!" exclaimed the poor old man, after many ineffectual efforts to speak, and in a voice quivering with emotion, "wae's me that my auld een should hae seen this day! Auld Dugald Glen should hae been langsyne lyin' wi' his forbears in Auchtermuchty Kirk-yard. O my puir maister! But what did the bogle say was to befa' Leddy Helen?"

"Ask me not farther, Dugald: what I have alluded to has been foretold for the last time, by the being who presides over the destinies of our race. Take the money, Dugald; you will find it useful when you are once more obliged to shift for yourself; and keep this for Helen."

"O my puir maister! an' is it so you think my affections are to be got and brokin' off? Do you think auld Dugald Glen can live after his first and only maister has perished? No, no, my lord; the same hour that shall end the race of Glengoroch shall lay auld Dugald i' the dust. I need na therefore the money, my lord, an' the ring you maun consign to other hands, to gie puir Leddy Helen. O my puir maister! wae's me I should hae lived to see this day!"

"Thou art wrong," said Glengoroch, struggling to conceal his emotion; thou art wrong, my kind old man—thou mayest yet live to see many a happy day; and it were folly to betake thyself to the field, resolved to follow the fate of thy unhappy master, particularly when thou couldst be so well employed in conveying to poor Helen this last token of her father's love."

Any further controversy on this distressing subject was arrested by a slight tap at the door, at which, almost instantly, Prince Charles entered, between two Highlanders, who placed themselves by his side. He wore a blue velvet bonnet, surmounted by the famous "white cockade," and a tartan coat, with the star of St. Andrew on its breast. A blue sash, embroidered with gold, hung gracefully over his shoulder; while at his side dangled a massy silver-hilted broadsword. His countenance was lightened up with a smile; and immediately he began to discourse

with the chieftain respecting the approaching contest. During this interview, the latter seemed to have regained his former spirits, smiling, and even laughing, at the humorous remarks with which the Prince's conversation, as usual, abounded. Ere long, they sallied out together, joined the rest of the officers, held a council of war, and resolved to attack the enemy immediately.

The mist, hovering in dense clouds over the intervening morass, prevented either army from distinctly observing the movements of the other; so that, by the aid of a person well acquainted with the ground, the troops of Prince Charles were enabled to cross the marsh without observation, and to draw themselves up in order of battle. A scene of bustle and confusion pervaded the royal army, when the terrific yell, whereby the Highlanders commenced the attack, too truly proved that the hedge which they fancied they saw before them, gradually becoming more and more conspicuous as the day approached, was none other than the armed host of the enemy. Short but decisive was the conflict that followed. The hardy Highlanders, with the fury of a winter's torrent, rushing down their mountain glens, fiercely assaulted the troops of the foe, and, in five or six minutes, routed and put them to flight. Then, amid the groans of the dying warriors, rose the joyful shout of "God save King James! the Stuart for ever!"

After the battle, the field presented, as might have been expected, a most melancholy and disgusting spectacle—strewn with the mangled bodies of the slain, who had fallen under the tremendous broadsword. The few surviving retainers of Glengorrock sought out from the lifeless bodies of their clansmen that of their venerated master, which was pierced with many a wound. During the engagement he had fought bravely at the head of his own undisciplined group of mountaineers. The last charge was made, Glengorrock rejoiced in the expectation of victory, and the prophecy of Dhorach seemed unlikely to be realized. And victory came—but the chieftain was pierced with a bullet which stretched him on the plain—and on that now-cultured spot where he fell, a stately hawthorn tree, that has braved the storms of upwards of ninety winters, points out to the passing traveller the place where in peace he rests from his warfare; a solitary mound near it marks the lowly sepulchre of his faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, and the greater part of the ill-fated clan of Glengorrock.

On the evening of that day whose morn had proved so fatal to her parent, did the fair Helen leave the tower of Glengorrock, with the intention of visiting the hamlet, to ascertain if any intelligence had arrived of the proceedings of the Prince; but so occupied was her mind with forebodings relative to the success of the enterprise wherein her father had embarked his life and fortunes, that she strayed in a different direction, through a wild and tractless ravine, utterly unconscious, or at any rate heedless, whither she wandered.

Over this rugged path did she continue her course, notwithstanding the many obstacles which impeded her progress, till her farther advance was stayed by her arrival on the margin of the deep lake of Gorrock, whose placid bosom was then illumined by the pale rays of the moon. As she gazed on its tranquil waters, slumbering in all the beauty of an autumn eve, the anxious feelings which previously harassed her mind became gradually subdued. Regardless of the hour and the solitude of the spot, she seated herself on a fragment of rock, which lay on the margin of the lake, and continued, if not to admire, at least to be soothed by, the calm scene before her.

At length, however, her attention was irresistibly distracted from the subject that had given rise to her moonlight excursion, on observing, at about sixty or seventy yards from her, a sudden burst of flame arise from a small island, whereon mouldered the ruins of a chapel within whose vaults had been deposited, for ages, the ashes of the chieftains of Glengorrock.

Utterly at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance, and possessed of a mind impressed from her earliest childhood by the wild legends and superstitions which then had, as they still have, a powerful sway over the feelings of the Highlanders, it will not be wondered at

that a sort of dread overcame her at the sight. It increased, as the moon became once more obscured by a dense mass of clouds; the dark interval being rendered yet more dismal by the terrific glare in which the whole of the trees upon the island were speedily enveloped. Motionless, she sat with her eyes fixed, in fearful gaze upon the towering conflagration, which appeared to be fast consuming the spot that had ever been held sacred by the natives of that wild region, till the lake and the hills in whose bosom it reclined, became once more irradiated by the more genial light of the moon.

No sooner had the clouds floated from before her round disk, than the pale Helen descried a form, apparently of mortal mould, gliding upon the surface of the water, and nearing the spot where she sat. She had just time to observe that neither boat nor oars were required to carry this mysterious intruder on her solitude to the shore, and to infer that none other than Dhorach nan Dhu, of whom she had heard much, but whom she had never before seen, was approaching, before terror overcame her, and she swooned.

On arriving within a few yards of the damsel, he halted; and, looking long and steadfastly on her pale features, his withered countenance assumed a look of pity, as he uttered to himself in Gaelic. "And has it at length fallen upon Dhorach nan Dhu to pronounce to the fairest maiden of these mountains the fate which has long been hovering over her father's race? Now is my father's son the most wretched of beings. Oh! blame me not, lady; for even now methinks I see an upbraiding look distort thy most beautiful of countenances."

Thus far had his soliloquy proceeded; when the object to whom it related, probably startled by the loud tone of the speaker, or supernaturally influenced, raised her head from the position in which it had fallen on the occurrence of the syncope, and strange as it may appear, now looked with composure upon the being whose very approach had well nigh bereft her of life. A pause ensued, ascribable, probably, on the part of the one, to a certain incapability of utterance which has uniformly been supposed to overcome mortals when in the presence of beings of "more than human mould," (and of the ethereal essence of Dhorach nan Dhu, it may readily be supposed Lady Helen did not harbour the slightest doubt)—and, on the part of the other, to an unwillingness to perform the painful duty which devolved upon him as the seer who presided over the destinies of Glengorrock.

Turning at length, half round, and pointing to the flaming pile in the midst of the lake, he continued, "Lady of Gorrock, seest thou yonder flame, in which is consuming the spot where the ashes of thy ancestors repose? Thy father and the clan whom thou sawest march forth from these glens shall need no such resting-place! They and he from whom thou art sprung, have found a sepulchre on the battle-field of the Lowlander; and there in peace shall the last chieftain of Glengorrock rest from his warfare! The work of Dhorach nan Dhu is now at a close; and with yonder expiring flame," continued he, still pointing to the island, where the fire was now nearly extinguished, "shall perish the seer of thy father's clan!"

Having thus spoken, he plunged head-foremost into the lake, and the reverberation of one solitary shriek among the surrounding caverns and glens, rang the death-knell of Dhorach nan Dhu.

How or when, after the above awful meeting with Dhorach nan Dhu, Lady Helen reached the tower of Glengorrock, the tradition, from which we have derived the incidents of our tale, leaves us uninformed. Certain it is, that from that period her health and beauty began to wane, notwithstanding all the efforts of those who lent their skill to effect a cure; and that prior to her entering a foreign convent, not many months afterwards, such as were familiar with her traced, in the incoherence of her discourse, which always had reference to that fatal meeting, a lamentable failure in the faculties of her mind.